

FRENCH SUMMER RESORTS.

Watering Place Letters by E. C. Grenville Murray—No. 2.

Lively Sketches of Charming Treport.

TREPORT, July 15, 1873.

I came over from Dieppe this morning on an excursion to Treport, which is a watering place for those who want rest, and who, of course, get much less of it here than they would in a large town. These quiet bathing retreats remind me of those perfectly tranquil streets where every sound of cart wheels, dog barking, organ grinding and child squealing breaks on the ear like a trumpet through the keyhole. The only quiet streets are those where carriages roar the whole day long and down all other noises; and a quiet watering place is one which contains so many people intent on their own enjoyments that the eccentricity of a transient individual, who wishes to amuse himself in his own way or not to amuse himself at all, may pass unnoticed. A man can lead a hermit's life in Treport.

LONDON, PARIS, DIEPPE OR BRIGHTON? I defy him to have a single hour he can call his own in such a place as Worthing or Treport, where every new arrival is looked upon as a fresh candle mercifully sent by Providence to lighten the general darkness. I have a friend here who is bound by treaty to deliver a play in three acts to the manager of the Gymnase in the first week of October, and he has been telling me his lamentable Odyssey all the afternoon. He arrived here on the 1st of the month, intending to give himself ninety clear days, but he had no sooner unwrapped his portmanteau than he was waited upon by the Mayor, with an invitation to a banquet; by a rusticating bishop, who called with his blessing and a subscription list; by a deputation of visitors, who felt sure he would help them organize some private theatricals and write a few characters for them; and by the local editor, who asked him to write three steps at a time and to be ready before he had a paragraph announcing his expected arrival and hailing him as a man of letters. He has not written a line of his play, though he has racked his head away over a character, for as usual the theatricals are to serve a charitable end—perhaps a free gift of curling tongs to negroes—and it is so difficult to refuse curling a nigger's hair, if you are exhorted to this kind act by

A REVUE OF PRETTY FRENCHWOMEN, with eyes like diamonds. A man need not be a popular playwright, however, to undergo that species of social martyrdom which consists in being drawn and quartered by contending factions on the hunt for something to do. In towns like Treport the Mayor is invariably at loggerheads with the parish priest, and you must be a saint in this important dispute, which involves the question as to whether the Municipal Council, being mostly innkeepers, should reject a vote for supplying the church with a new altar cloth at a low rate. It is painful to think that one can't back out of this debate by suggesting that Church and State should each pay for half of the coat; but such a recommendation would be viewed in a censorious spirit, as evidencing a tortuous mind, prone to deal flippantly with religious subjects. Besides, the Juge de Paix has put his finger into the pie, whereupon the wife of the district Tax Receiver—who has also dipped into the pie, but on the opposite side of the dish—declares that the Judge's wife has a false tooth; so that after this if you are caught talking to this lady it is quite clear you hold to the belief that the Receiver's wife uses Persian hair dye—a base imputation which you ought to be ashamed of yourself for countenancing. I say nothing of the scheme set on foot for building a museum of shells, then, or of the virulent controversy as to whether the right of the edifice should be of the Corporation or of the commune, but these small means are always building something, and it is quite natural they should try to compass their money's worth by having a good fight about the architecture. I also pass over the delicate tonic of a projected donkey race and the exasperated discussions as to who was responsible for its falling through; but it is not so easy to pass over

THE POLITICS. though, to be sure, if you carefully abstain from saying a word in disparagement of the Count de Chambord, and keep a cautious tongue when mentioning the Bonapartes, and observe a wise prudence in alluding to the Orleans princes, and never on any account criticize MacMahon, Thiers or Gambetta, you may just manage to offend no party in particular and be classed by all parties indistinctly as a simpleton. But to return to my start from Dieppe. A diligence leaves for Treport three times a day, and takes you the fifteen miles in about three hours and for three francs, no extra charge for the journey. The driver wears a blue blouse and tries to frighten himself and passengers into the delusion that he has a restive team to deal with, for he screams "Hue!" and "Doucement!" to his three gaunt horses, who have no need for such remonstrance to refrain from bolting with the diligence, which resembles an omnibus turned dropsical. A couple (or any one or two travellers who care to sit alone and enjoy an unbroken view of the hills) are seated in the back of the diligence, and the driver above goes by the name of *impatriate* and is resorted to by wayfarers who like plenty of hot and hot air while journeying. There are no seats beside the coachman, so that worthy, who likes talking with the sitters in the *impatriate*, has to conduct the conversation with his head screwed over his shoulder as if he had a crick in the neck. But he is not a jovial soul and reminds you in no wise of

AN ENGLISH STAG COACHMAN, whose talk and laugh are buoyant and fresh as healthy breezes. French drivers, by the way, never are jovial while exercising their duty, and a diligence driver with his mad bags behind him not only considers himself an official, but feels it incumbent upon him to make his dignity felt, lest heedless folk should forget it. So he emits his opinions in an oracular strain, talks of the crops on the road as if he had planted them all himself, but felt doubtful of their success by reason of nature not having consulted him before regulating their rain supply. He expectorates tobacco juice at daily marked intervals in the discourse, and rolls his quid from one cheek to the other when he wants time to consider a dubious point. At the scrappy post inn, where we stop to change horses, he is a man to accept a glass of red wine, but is too proud to make any hint for such refreshment; neither will he, like an Englishman, not tripe and say, "Ere's to your 'ith, sir!" but simply fingers his cap condescendingly and mumbles, "A la vôtre!" The road from Dieppe to Treport is not much French roads, clean, straight, tarred, no hedgerows, no moss-grown cottages or ivy-clad churches, no small villages or hamlets, no meadows, no pastures, no coppices of woodland and cool grassy slopes, but a land is cut up into small strips, over-cultivated by pauper peasant proprietors, and the cottages in which these dull bodies vegetate are of a uniform pattern—white walls and pink tiles having such a remarkable look that one fancies a stout kick would be able to drive in the whole fabric like a doll's house. One longs for a thatch, a village inn, a creaking signboard with some quaint inscription, a milestone bearing tokens of age, or a park, with its ancient manor house, to remind you that France did not spring into birth yesterday. But, for long as you may, you don't get these things, for you are in a country where the morselling of property has been pushed to such length that every man is forced to keep up a firm tutelage with the earth for bare subsistence. Land is too precious to be wasted for sport or ornament, so the land has no rose gardens, but cabbage beds, growing right up to the back door; and a common, with its herds of piglets, goes,

eaching ducks, contented pigs and kite-flying urchins, is a thing unknown and undesired. On the other hand, the fact is brought home to you at every step that a paternal government watches over all, sees all and puts every village into a suit of uniform institutions just like the next village and the village further on. The milestones and signposts are of one pattern throughout France—prim iron affairs, painted blue, with white letters, like the plates at the corners of Parisian streets; and every *mairie* is like another *mairie*, both as to the official notices posted on its door and as to its outward aspect. Local traditions, customs and architecture having been brought to such a dead level that if you were to drop a French peasant out of a balloon a hundred miles away from his home it would take him a quarter of an hour to discover that he was not in his own village. Again, you need not expect to meet with any such romantic incident as a pretty place on the road.

PRETTY PLACES have become, like all other things in this plucked country, articles of trade and export. Hawk-eyed women from Paris regularly scour the French villages to recruit pretty girls for the ballet corps of large city theatres and also for foreign cities—St. Petersburg, Moscow, Copenhagen and Rio Janeiro being four of the places that bid highest. As those who are not pretty are simply shorn of their hair for the chignon trade, and they are so well content to part with that, the women of a less enlightened age considered their chloroform treatment that a peasant girl thinks it somehow a disgrace not to wear that short, close-fitting cap which denotes that she has parted with her locks for a forty franc piece. Some heads of half-bright blond, for instance, and abundant silver white—fetched much more than forty francs, and an old innkeeper told me with mixed feelings of satisfaction and pride that his wife, who was past sixty, had sold all her hair for 125 francs a month ago. In despite of all this my friend, the conservative General, who has come over to Treport with me, kept on exclaiming at every moment, "Quelle propriété! Que ces braves gens sont laborieux! Quel exemple pour le maudit peuple de Paris!" We got out of the diligence at

TWO MILES FROM TREPORT, and branched off to Eu in a gig which was waiting to convey us to the country house of a gentleman who had hidden us to breakfast. The ancestor of this gentleman owned twenty square miles of country; but two of them were bequeathed in 1793 for the greater glory of fraternal principles; their lands were confiscated and their castle razed to the ground, after being handsomely plundered by an enthusiastic peasant. For all this our host maintained the reputation of being a haughty and bloated aristocrat because he wrings a revenue of something like eight hundred pounds a year from what he has been enabled to buy back of his avial domain, and he is haunted by the idea that some new agrarian revolution may return and strip him once again. The General tried to reassure him, but evidently felt but half sure himself, "for," said he, "until we have suppressed all radical newspapers and stump orators a man's coat and hat are the only goods he may feel secure of, unless, indeed, they may happen to be new, in which case he can feel no more sure of them than of his own shadow." The Frenchman was right, and the last of the Nineteens—and any number of speculative politicians are here, the municipal battles that have been raging in the city all day are fought over again on the beach every night.

MYSTERIOUS MOVEMENTS OF AN OCTOGENARIAN. The mysterious movements of the venerable Mayor of North Conway have naturally excited much comment and speculation. Nearly every day one hears a whisper on the balconies that Mr. Havemeyer is actually at Long Branch. Now he is at the West End; again, he is at the Ocean; then he is at Howland's, among the respectables; and suddenly we are assured that he is at the Mansion, among the "boys." Several times I have been told, on the best authority, that the Mayor has actually arrived at the Metropolitan; but inquiry has in all cases been met by the same information—"Mr. Havemeyer is not here at present, but rooms have been bespoken for him, and he will take possession of them in a day or two." About six or eight days ago the Mayor was actually here. At last, and carried with him a respectable contingent of friends, which might have contained the names of some of the great names of the city, he arrived at the Hotel de Ville, where he was to reside for a few days, and he was to be accompanied by his venerable wife for a week. The Mayor, who is a member of the House, drove for an hour or so, took dinner, walked to the beach to look at the bathers—the ladies' costumes attracted his most earnest attention—returned to the hotel for his supper, and took passage on the six o'clock train for New York.

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF GUS. Held their treasonous council during the sixteenth century, when the castle belonged to the Duke of Ecu, which used to be the favorite country seat of Louis Philippe and is now being returned anew for the Count of Paris, after being uninhabited for twenty years. It is a pretty place enough, and afforded us the first glimpse of picturesque scenery we had beheld since starting—General's notions of the picturesque are derived from a chessboard, and consist of fields, mapped out in equal sizes, and devoted to the growth of corn and potatoes alternately. At Eu we gave a gardener a crown piece to take us over the grounds and show us the spot where

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BREEZES FROM THE SEA.

Business and Politics by the Sad Sea Waves.

Mayor Havemeyer Exciting Envy at the Branch.

LONG BRANCH, August 6, 1873.

People who come to Long Branch for the summer season have a character differing from that of persons at other watering places. Long Branch is simply the country residence of city people—a pocket edition of New York by the seaside. At other fashionable summer resorts the visitors shake the dust of the metropolis from their feet, leave business behind them, forget all that is going on in the counting house, the bank or the street, almost abjure the newspapers, and turn their minds wholly to recreation. Here we are simply a suburb of New York; indeed, Long Branch ought to be annexed, and for the matter of that, ought all New Jersey, to the Empire State. Here we have the Hudson at our door, before we are out of bed, and business men, who go backwards and forwards to the city every day, at less fatigue and with very little more consumption of time than when passing between their uptown residences and their downtown offices, bring back with them every evening all the current gossip and excitement of the metropolis. The Board of Brokers is well represented on the piazzas of the hotels every night, and one hears stock discussions mingling with the sound of the breakers, and quotations keeping time with the music of the bands. Gold is as much discussed as mores, brocates and point lace, and fractions excite as much attention as frills and furbelows. The affairs of the city of New York claim their full attention, and as many of the city officials, numerous members of the reform association, a few of the old Tammanyites, the last of the Nineteens—and any number of speculative politicians are here, the municipal battles that have been raging in the city all day are fought over again on the beach every night.

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THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

Grand Scenes at High Altitudes—Glorious of the Great Hills of New Hampshire.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

NORTH CONWAY, August 5, 1873.

Why is there so little White Mountain travel this summer? This is the question oftentimes upon the lips of the summer tourist in this delightful region. The question may be variously answered, but without doubt the two controlling causes are the Boston fire and the European travelling mania which has been the cause of our countrymen and women have been attacked. As regards the first cause, it cannot be denied that Boston's quota of pleasure seekers among the "White Hills" is wonderfully smaller than for many years past, and it cannot be attributed to the devastating fire that snatched so much wealth from the pockets of her citizens. As to the European travel, it is also a fact that the number of those who have either already sailed, or are intending soon to do so, is greater by thousands than during any previous year. This fact has crippled American pleasure travel in a marked degree, and with it the pockets of angry hotel proprietors, whose lips were involuntarily smacking at the very thought of large receipts and heavy profits. One thing, however, is morally certain—travel through the White Mountains must always be great, and although for temporary causes it may be less during some years than others, still the unrivaled attractions of this locality will always call together myriads of those who delight in the beauties and wonders of nature as here so strikingly exhibited. The season at this place—the "Gate of the White Mountains"—is not yet at its height, nor will it be for several days. Still the hills are already filling up, as well as the numerous boarding houses and cottages, and the week's trade more will have arrived and filled the places which are so eagerly awaiting their coming. The gayeties of the season also will soon commence. The proprietors of the Kearsarge House propose before long to give a grand masquerade ball, to which the guests of the hotels and the guests of many boarding houses are invited. Then the whirl of gayety will have fairly commenced, and if any perchance come here for other reasons than those which Nature offers they will have abundant opportunity to accomplish their ends. As much as the beauties of North Conway have been praised in literature, they can scarcely be overpraised. The mountain view of the Kearsarge, the drives reveal new beauties at every turn, the air is beautiful and invigorating, and the sunsets over the mountains are of the richest colors. If you think that under the inspiration of a passing moment I have accorded more than justice to this locality, then to Starr King when he says, "The beauties of North Conway are that it is a large natural poem in landscape," a quotation from *Arctica*, or a suburb of Paradise, will be a sufficient answer. I have a charm to stay the morning star in his steep course, 't is time for some poet to put the question to those bewitched by the beauty of the scene, under the Saco, by what sorcery they evoke, evening after evening, upon the heavens that watch them, such joyous and beautiful scenes, Nay, it is not for the basins of its beauty is pure blue and the skies of Italy are not nearly so blue as those of New England, one sees more clearly sky in light than in the compass of an Italian year." This tells but half the truth. No language can overstate the bewitching glories of a North Conway summer, nor be able to describe the unlimited range to the beauties of its mountains.

tain view. It is the favorite resort of New England artists, and many of them may daily be seen by the sequestered waterfalls, the shady glens, and in the presence of the mountain scenery, sketching and painting. The place also resents the development in their winter studies, when the cold weather shall have driven them from the delightful mountain haunts. In the place also resents the development in their winter studies, when the cold weather shall have driven them from the delightful mountain haunts. In the place also resents the development in their winter studies, when the cold weather shall have driven them from the delightful mountain haunts.

North Conway is pre-eminently a mountain village. Situated on a simple plateau, overlooking the lovely intervals of the Saco river, it is surrounded on every side by lofty mountains. On the east is a range of hills, the larger of which is called the White Mountain. The mountain is a large, rounded, and somewhat irregular mass, and its elevation claims for it the title of the highest of the hills. The ascent of this mountain is by no means difficult, and the traveler who is not fatigued by the long ride from the city will find it a pleasant and refreshing experience in visiting this spot. The view from the top is especially fine. The mountain is a large, rounded, and somewhat irregular mass, and its elevation claims for it the title of the highest of the hills. The ascent of this mountain is by no means difficult, and the traveler who is not fatigued by the long ride from the city will find it a pleasant and refreshing experience in visiting this spot. 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